Dut. Thou tode, thou, tode, where is thy brother Clarēce?
And little Ned Plantaget, his ſonne?
Qu. Where is kind Haſtings, Riuers, Vaughan, Gray?
King. A flouriſh trumpets, ſtrike alarum drummes,
Let not the heauens heare theſe tel-tale women.
Raile on the Lords annointed. Strike I ſay. *The trumpets ſounds.*
Either be patient, and intreat me faire,
Or with the clamour report of warre,
Thus will *I* drowne your exclamations.
Dut. Art thou my ſonne?
King. I, *I* thank God, my father and your ſelfe.
Dut. Then patiently heare my impatience.
King. Madame *I* haue a touch of your condition,
Which cannot brooke the accent of reproofe.
Dut. *I* will be milde and gentle in my ſpeech.
King. And briefe good mother, for *I* am in haſte.
Dut. Art thou ſo haſtie, I haue ſtaid for thee,
God knowes in anguiſh, paine and agonie.
King. And came *I* not at laſt to comfort you you?
Dut. No by the holy roode thou knowſt it well,
Thou camſt on earth, to make the earth my hell:
A greeuous burthen was thy birth to me,
Techie and waiward was thy infancie,
Thy ſchoole-daies frightfull, deſperate, wilde and furious:
Thy age confirmed, proud, ſubtil, bloudie, trecherous,
What comfortable houre canſt thou name,
That euer grac't me in thy companie?
K. Faith none but Humphrey houre, that cald your grace
To breakfaſt once forth of companie:
If be ſo gratious in your ſight,
Let me march on, and not offend your grace.
Dut. O heare me ſpeake, for *I* ſhall neuer ſee the more.
King. Come, come, you are too bitter.
Dut. Either thou wilt die by Gods iuſt ordinance,
Ere from this warre thou turne a conquerour,
Or *I* with griefe and extreame age ſhall periſh,
And neuer looke vpon thy face againe:
Therefore take with thee my moſt heauie curſe,

Which